



Meet Bill the vagrant, hanging around on the sidewalk, taking a little swig of beer every now and then. Ever wonder how some one gets in this predicament? Well Bill was near an air compressor when it blew, sending him about 50 feet in the air, breaking his limbs and shattering his skull. After that things weren't the same for this WWII special forces vet. The Workmans Comp stopped coming along time ago. His wife died and he's alone now. Bill's taking it all in stride; sitting on the wet outdoor carpet in the early morning sun. He told me "Judge not, lest thou be judged".